

Nomination Blank

GOOD FOR 5,000 VOTES. NOMINATE
YOURSELF OR A FRIENDPRIZE CONTEST DEPARTMENT OF
THE EDMONTON BULLETIN,
9975 Jasper Avenue.Gentlemen—I hereby nominate as a candidate in your
Automobile Prize Contest:

Name

Address

Nominated by

Address

NOTE—Only one nomination blank will be accepted for
any one candidate.First Published List of Competitors
in The Bulletin's \$8000 Prize
ContestMrs. V. Adams, 10508 105th St., Edmonton
Mr. A. E. Austin, Mannville, Alta.

B

Mrs. D. O'Brien, 9746 111th St., Edmonton
Mrs. Emily Bremer, Spruce Grove Centre
Mr. Paul Clegg, 10000 105th St., Edmonton
Mr. Frank Berster, Radway Centre, Alta.
Mr. George B. Bremner, 10000 105th St., Edmonton
Miss Alice Brown, Tomshaw, Alta.
Miss Betsy Yeager, Alta.

Mrs. Anna Wauchope, Alta.

Mrs. Gert Beert, Suite 11, Duran Court, Edmonton
Mr. D. Boynton, 10226 118th St., Edmonton

C

Mrs. Joe Christian, Huskville, Alta.
Mrs. O. Chaffner, Vegreville, Alta.
Mr. Clegg, 10000 105th St., Edmonton
Mrs. Roy S. Cook, 9840 92nd St., Edmonton
Mr. George Clegg, Royal Roads, Alta.
Mr. Jacob Clifton, 10000 105th St., Edmonton
Mr. T. L. Carnichuk, Holden, Alta.Mrs. Lillie Dredham, 11115 91st St., Edmonton
Mr. G. H. Davis, 314 Golden Block, Edmonton
Mr. George Duthie, Golden Spike, Alta.
Mr. Horace Duthie, 10000 105th St., Edmonton
Mr. Claus, 9554 108th St., Edmonton
Mr. Chas. Dickens, c/o Car Barns, Edmonton

D

Miss Christie Earl, 11032 86th St., Edmonton
Mr. Roy Edgar, 10110 95th St., Edmonton
Mr. W. E. Elmer, 10000 105th St., Edmonton
Mr. E. Eide, Dryden, Alta.

E

Miss Esther Feltzberg, 9251 Cameron Ave., City
Mrs. Emma Farnham, Dryden, Alta.

Mrs. A. M. Fraser, Sexsmith, Alta.

F

Mr. Arthur Garber, Athabasca, Alta.
Mr. Gantier, Vermilion, Alta.Mr. Kenneth Gibbs, Killam, Alta.
Miss Leida Geyer, Dryden, Alta.

Mr. Mike Gobbi, Spirit River, Alta.

G

Miss Hamilton, Burlington, Alta.
Mr. John H. Hargrave, 10000 105th St., Edmonton
Mrs. Walter Hulton, 11118 97th Ave., Edmonton
Mr. W. G. Hornbrook, Lethbridge, Alta.Mr. W. H. Johnson, 10000 105th St., Edmonton
Mr. Robert Hockley, Edmonton

H

Mr. Walter Jussea, Lamont, Alta.

I

Mr. Wm. Kelly, Stony Plain, Alta.

Mrs. Wm. Koldenius, Thorhild, Alta.

Mrs. G. P. Kristensen, 11240 96th St., Edmonton

J

Mr. A. H. Liveridge, Wetaskiwin, Alta.

K

Mr. John McNeil, Twin City Trailers, Edmonton
Miss Edna Mair, 9844 102nd St., Edmonton

Mr. John Martens, 10000 105th St., Edmonton

Mr. Alonzo Martens, 9535 109A St., Edmonton

Mr. W. May, 9815 83rd Ave., Edmonton

Mr. W. H. McLean, 10000 105th St., Edmonton

Miss Emma Miller, Bashaw, Alta.

Mr. J. A. McPherson, 10000 105th St., Edmonton

Mrs. J. A. McPherson, 9157 Jasper Ave., Edmonton

Miss Nancy F. Clegg, 10000 105th St., Edmonton

Mr. H. O. McKey, Leduc, Alta.

Miss Minnie McKey, Red Deer, Alta.

Mr. Alexander McMillan, 9115 93rd St., Edmonton

L

Mrs. R. E. Noble, Maryland Hotel, Edmonton
Mrs. John Y. Nicol, Maddington, Sask.

M

Mr. Cecil Perrson, 10210 112th St., Edmonton

Mr. G. E. P. Pugh, 10000 105th St., Edmonton

Miss C. Patullo, Stony Plain, Alta.

Miss Helen Paton, 11622 97th St., Edmonton

N

Mrs. A. G. Sabley, "The Smoke Shop", Jasper, City
Mr. Herman Sabley, Jasper, City

Mr. Herman Steckis, 9535 107th Ave., Edmonton

Miss Ruth Stone, Virden, Alta.

Miss Florence Stynes, 10217 86th St., Edmonton

Miss Anna Sundberg, Vermilion, Alta.

Miss Alberta Sundberg, Vermilion, Alta.

Mr. G. E. Stirling, Castor, Alta.

Mrs. C. P. Smith, Lac la Biche, Alta.

Mr. F. Sleator, Bruderheim, Alta.

T

Mr. Frank Thompson, Mannville, Alta.

Mrs. A. J. Thompson, Toledo, Alta.

Mr. Wm. T. Thompson, Salt Lake City, Alta.

Mr. L. G. Toupin, 9843 109th Ave., Edmonton

Mr. W. H. T. Toupin, 10000 105th St., Edmonton

Mr. Jas. S. Todd, 10249 113th Ave., Edmonton

Miss Esther Valentineburg, Miramichi, Alta.

Mr. Harold Wilson, Camrose, Alta.

V

Mr. Thor Young, 8401 118th Ave., Edmonton



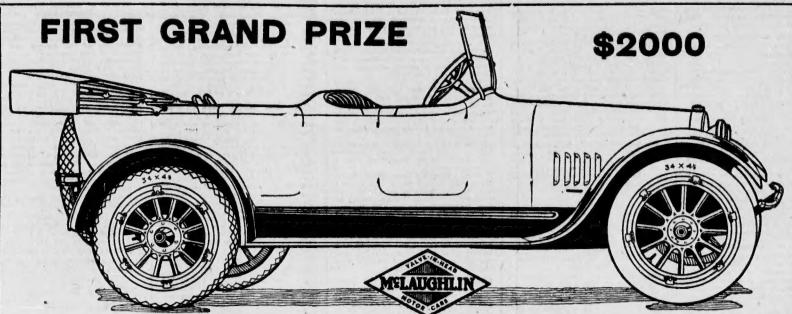
\$8,000 in Prizes Free

MAKE THIS \$2000 CAR YOURS

IT IS FREE! SO ARE TWO OTHERS

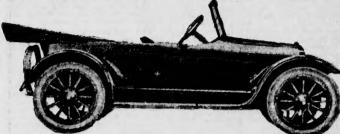
FIRST GRAND PRIZE

\$2000



McLaughlin E-45-6-Cylinder "Special-Special"—Now on exhibition at the McLaughlin Show Rooms, 104th Street, Edmonton. This costly touring car will be given to the candidate securing the greatest number of votes irrespective of districts. The winner of this grand prize will be given \$300 in cash to be donated to some patriotic organization in his or her district.

Anyone may enter this contest, men, women and children over 16 years of age. You do not need to be a subscriber to The Bulletin to enter.

Second Grand Prize
\$1215 Overland Touring Car

Now on exhibition at E. C. May & Co. Show Rooms, Jasper Avenue, Edmonton.

Third Grand Prize

\$1200 McLaughlin Five-Passenger Touring Car

Now On Exhibition at the McLaughlin Show Rooms, Jasper Ave.

CUT OUT NEATLY
The Bulletin's Big Automobile Prize Contest

Good for 100 Votes

FOR
ADDRESS

This Coupon, when neatly cut out and brought or mailed to the Contest Department of The Bulletin, will count for the person whose name is written thereon.

Watch The Bulletin for full List of Prizes
and where they are on exhibition.

Address all communications to the Prize Contest Department of The Edmonton Bulletin

9975 Jasper Avenue, Edmonton :: Local and Long Distance Phone 2262

CAMBRAI OFFENSIVE---Scenes On The Eastern Front



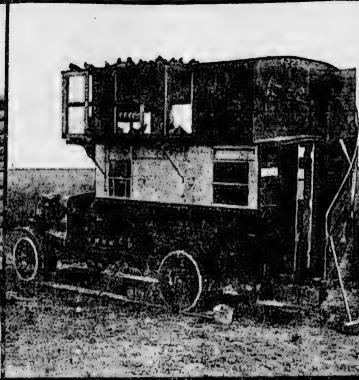
On the Palestine Front.—Devons in front line dug-outs.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



On the Cambrai Front.—A blown up bridge over the Canal du Nord.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



In the Egyptian Area.—Field dressing station on the Gaza front.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.

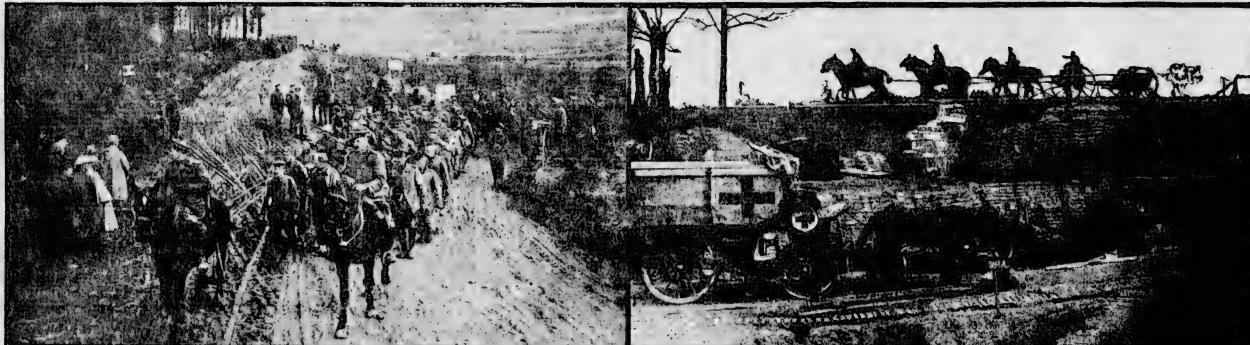


A motor pigeon loft in France.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



The British Tank in action on Cambrai.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.

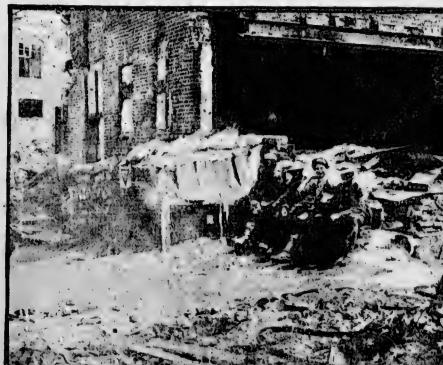
VARIOUS PHASES OF THE WAR—A Y.M.C.A. HOUSE



On the British Western Front.—Batches of prisoners being marched in.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



Sons on the Flanders Front.—A well concealed dressing station.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



Entrance to a Y. M. C. A. house.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



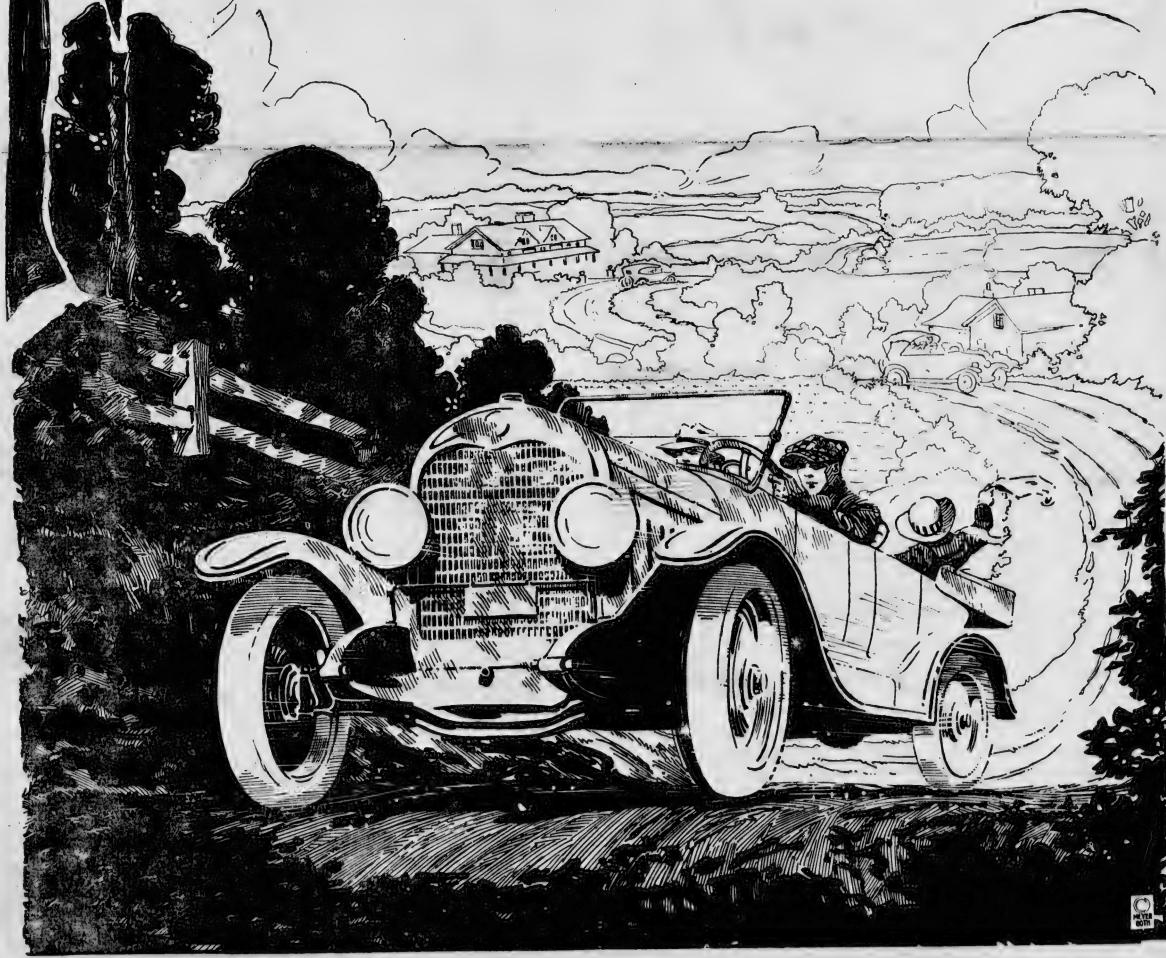
The King of the Belgians in his headquarters.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



Y. M. C. A. quarters in France subject to daily shell fire.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.

Automobile Edition

The open season for Autos starts pretty soon now. No matter what machine a fellow owns he's always looking for something a little better: for a classy car is like a good horse, admired by everyone. No better chance will be presented to see new models, and get an early order filled than right now, before the spring rush begins. Edmonton dealers are out to serve the public. Their showrooms are open to you. Take an hour between draws and save delay.



CANADA HAS BOUGHT MANY AUTOMOBILES

Country Ranks Third Greatest Car Owner of the World. Having 150,000

More property of Canada, particularly in the west, is underwritten with the exception of the automobile as a necessity for efficient farming. It is shown by the following figures that the province, which places her third in the list of automobile owners in the world, Canada imported approximately \$1,600,000 worth of motor vehicles and

Canadian Osgood Lens Co., Williamson Bldg., Distributors.

paris; in 1916, over \$9,500,000 worth; and in 1917, nearly \$15,000,000.

A conservative estimate places the number of cars already owned in Canada at over 150,000, with a potential of slightly over 2,000,000, using 75,000, or one to every 33 persons in the country. In 1917, the farmer continues to board the tractor operator until the work is finished by the government.

Canada has one automobile for every 57 people; 1,346 passenger automobiles were imported into Canada during the first six months of last year. All but five of these were from the United States. During the same period 138 commercial vehicles were imported into Canada. Imports of automobile parts were valued at \$2,154,528. It is estimated that Canada will buy 100,000 cars this year, or an increase of 66,667.

The province of Ontario, which has been experimenting rather extensively with the use of tractors, has 1,000 farm tractors to increase production. The use of tractors has caused the farmers to freeze up in plowing in many districts. This condition until now has been the result of the work farmers are given by the Grand Trunk

in a bulletin which states that the government charges the farmer 15 cents per hour for the cost of gasoline and oil, and the board of agriculture has recommended that the farmer continues to board the tractor operator until the work is finished by the government.

PROPER TIME TO ADJUST CARBURETOR

A great many car owners make the mistake of adjusting the carburetor when the engine is cold. Now it is well known that the carburetor is the motor after it has been run long enough to get thoroughly warmed through, and this applies to the carburetor as well. It is quite probable that the cold motor may operate very well at certain times, but it is not certain that all will be the hot engine.

Increase road light by 75% with Osgood.

EDMONTON BULLETIN.

MACHINERY SAVES TIME AND MONEY

Many Remarkable Instruments Are Used in the Franklin Factory

"By the use of automatic devices in construction, the automobile industry has attained the highest development in the use of machinery. In products, the automobile represents a product evolved through the use of special machinery, the most advanced type," state local officials.

"In the Franklin automobile factory, where the most modern well known air-cooled car is made, there are many fine instruments and machinery which make impossible impossible things and always creates extra work for the engineers and the factory visitors.

"In order to facilitate the multiple drilling employed in drilling crank cases, there is a great many auxiliary devices, with the installation of these machines, one and one-half times were increased, and the job is done by single drills, while the work is done in a fraction of the time.

"The one-piece-in-time method with the end sheet with the use of which the Franklin company formerly cut out material for tops, side curtains, and fenders, is a mechanically driven cutter, that cuts from two to four times the amount of material at a time, depending on the thickness.

"The screw holes in the wood logs are all drilled at once and to exactly the same depth, and the machine accurately locates all screw holes and cuts them to the exact depth. This rate, is one of the most interesting in the industry, and the reason for this is in the magazine screw-driven machine which drives them to a uniform depth along the entire length of the log.

"Even the tension of the spring clips is controlled by a device which is a nut-driver operated by compressed air. Thus it is impossible to draw up one nut after the other, and instead put an uneven strain on the parts.

Automobile Engine Like Human Being

The automobile engine is much like a human being in that its physical and functional well being is largely dependent on a respiratory system. By this expression we mean that part of its mechanism that has to do with breathing, the intake of air, the intake and the expelling of the burned gases after combustion. The intake and the respiratory function of the engine is controlled by the valves. If the valves were not controlled, the engine would not produce power. The motor will obviously be dead. It is just as important to get the intake air as it is to get the waste after combustion, for their continued presence in the engine will not only prevent the fuel from burning, but will eliminate the fresh fuel. Granting this, we can then study the intake system, a brief study of the intake, its common failures and how to remedy them.

Five Types of Valve Gears

There are five distinct types of valve gears. The most popular type is the cam and eccentric shaft, operating principle, which directly controls the valves. This is the L-head, which is the most common type for the commonest type of power plant. The second type is the overhead, which means that the valves are located in the heads of the cylinders, and are operated by a cam and eccentric shaft, operated from vertical rods, which are connected to the valves, operated from vertical rods, which are connected to the valves, and are driven by an ordinary camshaft. The third valve type is known as the 2-cam system, which is the same principle as the L-head, but has two cams instead of one, one for intake and one for exhaust valves. The fourth type has valves in the heads of the cylinder, but the camshaft is placed on top of the cylinders instead of on the side. The fifth type is the sleeve valve, which are small sleeves which are actuated by eccentric shafts, controlled respectively by the camshaft of ordinary power plants.

Intake Valve Systems. Most car manufacturers do something in the way in which valves are operated, which makes for a longer operation briefly. The camshaft is geared to the crankshaft, and as it turns, it turns the eccentric, which in contact with the valve lifter, which is a small wheel which goes up and down within a guide. As the little wheel goes up it pushes the valve open, and as it goes down it pulls the valve closed. This is known as a spring. When it reaches its limit of travel, it is held in position by a cam and the spring closes the valve. Over time, the wear of the cams and other parts of the valve gearings, will not be accurately determined to keep the valves open just the proper length of time. Also the valves will not be accurately instant in relation to the position of the piston, which will be evident at certain times. If this valve system will cause derangement of the intake air, it will affect the intake system of the engine.

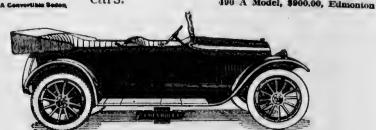
The tendency in engine design is to keep the entire valve mechanism exposed to a general spray of oil, or some delivery pipes are provided, but in others the valve system is completely enclosed, where it gets splash lubrication from the oil in the engine. This is due to the tendency the wear and consequent noisy operation of the valve system, which has been greatly eliminated. Nevertheless the tendency is to keep the valve system in the car, or rather within the engine, where small metal shavings often develop into big failures for lack of a small metal shavings.

For instance, for new items.

For instance, it is not uncommon to find a small metal shavings between the sides of the valves. This is caused by the valves being brought into the valve guides, which are brought about by insufficient lubrication. Something may have happened to the valve lifter in the mechanism, and the result has been that the valves are not closed. This condition may be caused by the fact that the valve is pushed sideways through the valve stem, or a bent stem, a worn tappet or stem holder, or a bent valve stem, so that the stem will be struck at one point only, and will not be closed, wearing the valve stem guide. When this has happened, the valve will not be possible to close them, and will be held with over-size stems. An alternative method is to use a valve stem in the guides. If these are not already provided, they should be taken out for any reason, they should be examined for bent stems and for play in their stems. In closing, it is to be recommended to use a steel square, as the use of a steel square will not wear.

Avoid Worn Tappets and Camshafts. Another cause of trouble in the intake is caused by a slapping in their guides, a very annoying condition. The cause of wear may be detected by shaking the tappet with the hand, after the valve has been removed. The methods of overcoming this slapping are almost

The New CHEVROLET Series The Product of Experience



The Chevrolet Eight Cylinder Touring Car, D-5, \$1,850.00, Edmonton, the last word in motor cars construction. It must be seen to be appreciated. Ask us.

SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
OSAWA, ONTARIO

WESTERN PARTS AND SERVICE BANCHES: REGINA AND CALGARY
DEALERS EVERYWHERE

THE NOR-WEST MOTORS LTD.
10181 108th Street.
Exclusive Chevrolet Service Station.
Phone 5262.

Phone 5262.

Exclusive Chevrolet Service Station.

THE FRANKLIN CAR

And what it means to the Present-day Standard of Motor Car Service

THAT 1917 has been the best year in Franklin history is due primarily to the efficiency of the Franklin Car.

The stress of War laid new requirements upon the country and upon individuals. Everywhere has been heard the call for efficiency. Waste is under suspicion.

Looking ahead to the coming year, it is plain that the standard for thrift will rise higher and higher. The motor car that meets this higher standard will fill a War need quite as much as the plow or grain drill. The general business of the country cannot go back to old methods, any more than can the business of farming.

Motor cars must be used but they must be **efficient motor cars.**

It is now not only a question of what this or that automobile will do, but also **how much it will cost to do it.**

It is plain that the car which does the **most** for the **least** is the car that is in tune with the times, the car that has its place in the line of **service.**

Franklin Efficiency the Outcome of Franklin Principles

It is nothing new for the Franklin to be efficient. Thrift does not **just happen.**

Back in 1902, the days of the first Franklin, our designers were building for the day when motor car service at the least expense would be the aim.

The Franklin Car is efficient and economical because the **fundamentals** of design **make it so.**

It is a matter of record in the automobile industry how Franklin design has stood against **excessive weight** and **complication**--and all that these things mean in waste and power, of gasoline, of oil, abnormal tire expense, high repair cost and heavy annual depreciation.

Here are the actual scale weights of Franklin models:--

Touring Car	2280 lbs	Sedan	2610 lbs
Runabout	2160 lbs	Brougham	2575 lbs
4-Passenger Roadster	2280 lbs	Town Car	2610 lbs
Cabriolet	2485 lbs	Limousine	2620 lbs

At one stroke, the **direct air-cooled** Franklin eliminates the usual 177 heavy and complicated water-cooling parts--at least fifty pounds of water, seventy-five pounds of radiator, to say nothing of pipes, pumps, plumbing and water jackets.

Extensive use of aluminum takes an important part in this weight reduction.

The Franklin engine had **valves** in the **head** thirteen years before automobile designers in general took them up. Another way in which every ounce of "actual going" is obtained from the gasoline.

The Franklin is the easiest rolling car in America, and where there is the least frictional resistance, less power, less fuel, is required to propel the car.

Take tires. Franklin scientific light weight, with minimum **unsprung** weight, gives tires the chance to live their natural life, not to be pounded out before their time.

And the same combination of strength, lightness and flexibility makes Franklin used-car values especially high.

Every Motorist Should Expect Proof of Motor Car Thrift

Thrift cannot be established by a volume of claims. The public is entitled to know what constitutes **bed-rock economy** for every car.

The Franklin standard of thrift is a matter of common knowledge and every day record.

Franklin Cars have won every prominent official economy test ever conducted.

Franklin Cars, in technical tests in American universities have consistently shown the highest efficiency.

Nation-wide tests by Franklin dealers have year after year publicly demonstrated Franklin efficiency and economy.

The experience of Franklin owners daily confirms what these tests establish--how the Franklin goes a given distance on **one-half the gasoline** consumed by the average fine car, and for the same yearly mileage, costs about **one-third as much for tires.**

When you look for twenty miles to the gallon of gasoline, ten thousand miles to the set of tires, and depreciation loss cut in half, **look to the construction of the car.**

FRANKLIN MOTOR SALES

10321 Jasper Ave., Edmonton

Phone 5354

Alberta Can Produce Abundant Food For the Allies

START TEN THOUSAND FARMS TO PRODUCE FOOD FOR ALLIES AND KAISER'S HEAD WILL ACHIE

Mr. Zena, of Lake Isle, Succeeds on His Homestead in the Brush Country—Wore Prizes at Fair For Prairie Grown on Soil That Had No Maize or Potatoes For Nine Years.

(By M. Zena, Lake Isle) Bulletin News Service.

When Canada needs grain, I think I can't wait to take advantage of grain production alone, but some one should do something for the other farmers, as well.

A good many people who are more or less interested in farming are in that wrong opinion that grain can be raised in the brush country, but they don't know that here, in Canada, there are thousands of acres of land with splendid soil and lots of rain. Why I have been living on my farm in a brush country for nine years, I have never had much rain, nor because the forest regulates the weather.

But some one will ask, why those farmers didn't produce as much as you? Well, the answer is, as much grain as possible.

The farmer's land in that part of the country is not as well cultivated, because to clear and break and cultivate, and prepare for seed, much more labor is required than for a boy or two men.

Clearing Game.

The banks, the loan companies, the timber companies, the lumbermen and every association with the timber industry, help the men help themselves, for instance, should organize big groups of men with a good deal of money to spend, the modern stumps pulling machinery, the modern plow, the modern harrow, to clear and break the lands for those thousands of acres which they are not in position to do.

The work could be charged against the timber companies, but they started in business right away, and could not be charged for a long time.

Now suppose there would be one thousand farmers who would be start- ing in business, working through the problems and instead of buying at present 10 acres, they could seed 100 acres, and in a few years, when the market is right, they would have 1,000 acres.

I'm afraid they will have to walk home, at the loss there would be for Canada.

2,250,000 bushels of wheat more than we have at present, and that is only for the first year, and for the second year, but for 5,000 or 10,000, and 10,000 acres, it would make figures big enough to make the head of the Kaiser ache.

Not only that, but the men who work there will then have in his life, the vacation lot when there are hundreds of thousands of acres of feed land, and the farmer will have a better condition, which beats the open range.

People are getting a little tired of raising pigs for the next few years.

It is not because the pigs are not good, but because the market is not good.

In many instances people think that the market is not good, but they don't know that here, in Canada, there are thousands of acres of land with splendid soil and lots of rain.

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BUSY BEE BEATEN AT RICH VALLEY WHEN 40 BELOW

Farmers Keep Stock in Good Condition, Even Through Recent Cold Snap

Bulletin News Service.

The cold snap has been the busy bee beaten when 40 below.

Not only because it is cold, but

the men who work there will then have in his life, the vacation lot when there are hundreds of thousands of acres of feed land, and the farmer will have a better condition, which beats the open range.

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MUNICIPALITY OF FAIRVIEW AT WATERHOLE

**Progressive Farming Community
North of Peace Produces Much Meat and Grain**

Bulletin News Service.

The community of Fairview on the north side of the Peace river, in townships 50, 51 and 52, ranges 1, 2 and 3, is a progressive, divided into mixed farming and that in mixed farms, the financial condition of the district is satisfactory, the taxes are well paid, and the people are well able to considerably reduce their living expenses.

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PURE-BREDS MAKE RICH VALLEY RICHER

Settlement of Rich Valley Supplies Tremendous Amount of Meat to Help Allies

At Rich Valley, they have, without doubt, the best stock in the country.

The results, this settlement is

now in its tenth year, and it is

AFTER 11 YEARS HOMESTEADING FROM ZERO START HAS \$2,000 BARN AND \$10,000 GRAIN CROP

T. G. Flynn Has Achieved Success Twelve Miles South of Ozar as Farmer and His Family Homestead for 11 Years—Near Old Sed Barn Now Stands Modern Farm Buildings With Up-to-date Conveniences, Lighted by Farm Power Plant.

gentle winter. In comparison with his neighbors, he has not only come out into a fenced field with snow on it, but he has finished his stockers off with meat and grain and turned them into a fine herd of cattle and the best hogs in the country.

At present, he has a fine

herd of cattle, including

the best

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NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS

Plays and Photoplays in Edmonton

WHAT PRESS AGENTS SAY

"A MODERN MUSKETEER"
WITH "DOUG" FAIRBANKS
AT MONARCH ALL NEXT WEEK

Something Entirely New for Astute Comedian in His Latest Film—Real Indians and the Bogus Kind in Pictures

A comic theme is presented in "A Modern Musketeer" the Douglas Fairbanks production released by Artcraft, which will be shown at the Monarch Theatre. It is a western story dealing with the chivalry of olden days brought up to date by the reincarnation of a Musketeer. The Musketeer whose spirit presumably lives in the heart of the Indian chief, "Big Medicine Man Hopi" and Navajo Indians. The man and his practical wife are a combination of strength and humor. These scenes were taken in and around the mountains of Colorado. While the scenes were being filmed, Douglas Fairbanks, along with his party, joined partners with Fairbanks in a business deal.

"ALIMONY" TO BE SEEN
AT THE EMPRESS

Mark Hanna, of the press theatre, has a new local institution rights to "Alimony," which deals with the legal and financial problems not confronting an average society. It has an all-star cast, with stars like George Raft, Josephine Whittle and George O'Brien. "Alimony" is from the pen of Haynes, the well known playwright, who has now written a playwright, who has now written a number of American and European plays. It is a smash big drama, dealing with the question of alimony, the effect of divorce, and containing an eloquent plea for the protection of the wife. It is a drama that permits unscrupulous lawyers to win "easy money" and it is a drama that is medium of the reference system. Wow, it proves to be a startling exposure and points the finger of accusation at the lawless and unscrupulous attorneys who today are reaping huge profits from the law, which the laws of certain states uphold.

Of this subject, Mr. Talbot says: "In 'Alimony' I think I have written an exciting drama that will be popular with people, think and think hard. I have stepped into the shoes of a man who can play the many surprising and dramatic scenes of certain divorce laws, with which I came into contact during my career. I have written a drama that will sell several years ago than I would sell on paper what I learned in the process of writing, and 'Alimony' is the result."

HILL AT VEGEVILLE: The Home Milling Co., Ltd., have commenced operations with their new plant. The plant is to be regarded as the last word in mills.

The Home Milling Co., Ltd., will be now running day and night. The flour now being made is in accord with the standard set by the Imperial Government, and will be of the best quality.

Mr. Cummins is managing director of the company and will take a personal interest in their transaction.

Vegeville Observer.

ALIX U.F.A. The U.F.A. Cooperative Society for 1918 has a new president, Mr. J. R. Mackie; vice-president, W. E. Petlett; vice-treasurer, W. B. Petlett; Directors, Mr. Mackie, C. E. Stott, W. J. Carroll, Mr. A. J. Findlater, H. L. G. Works, J. A. McLean, Mr. J. W. McPhail, H. L. G. Works, W. Lougheed, Mr. Harry Connell, Mr. S. J. W. Edwards, Mr. G. W. Farmanian. The E. Steere building on Main Street has been taken over and occupied by the society in the near future.—Alix Presses.

REPORTER HUBERT: The Gophers are putting on a large service between the islands and the mainland, and will be at the depot at the same place. For the first time the E.P.D. is having a large number of men in uniform. The dry docks and negotiations are under way. The Gophers are to be at the depot at the same place. Call at Hubert.—Omaha Herald, New Zealand.

Prices: Evenings, 25c to \$1.
Sat. Matinee, 25c, 50c and 75c

Empire Theatre

THURS. FRI. SAT. AND
SAT. MATINEE

The Clever Scotch Comedian

BILLY OSWALD

And a Strong Cast of Musical Comedy Favorites in

HENPECKED

HENRY

MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY

FRANKLYN FARNUM

—IN—

"The Wing'd Mystery"

Biubell's Latest Production.
Thrills in Photographic Trickery

Also Current Events

14th EPISODE
"THE NEGLECTED WIFE"

THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

The Sunshine Maid comes to the Empire Theatre to tell the story of the sunshine of right living over the man with whom she falls in love.

JUNE CAPRICE IN
"PATSY"

Universal Weekly
Foxfilm Comedy

The Best Orchestras in the City at 45c to 55c a pm. and the best vocalists. Every night. Shows Start at 8:30 and 9:15.

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Screen Chatter
By the Movie Editor

By the Movie Editor</p

PAGE OF INTEREST TO BOYS AND GIRLS

BUNNY BOB'S WEEK-END ADVENTURE

It was winter and on the snow in the woods could be seen little tracks of little bunnies. Marlene, a little person of six, was having a happy time with her mother and father party had been skipping.

The bunnies (there were nine of them, counting the father and mother) were having a great excitement. No wonder for a rich relation of theirs, Uncle Bob, who was a member of a well-known family—had invited his namesake, Bunny Bob, to come to the party and with him.

"Will you come as a little addition of ours?" asked Bunny Bob's six-year-old little brothers and sisters.

"I'll come, but only if it's very important."

"I have some good things to eat that you never heard before, I expect," said Mother Cottontail, "but I care and do not like to mention."

Bunny Bob was so excited he had May, his mother, take him to the bathroom and he would have quite right on with his clothes. He was so anxious to go to the party that he did not know if his mother hadn't been there to attend to them. His father was ready to go with him, so he was sure that he got there safely.

"Mother, quick!"

"It's good, Bunny dear."

"Good bye, Mother."

With cries and exclamations followed. Ed, Bunny Bob's Fern Lane as he stepped out of the house. Then he turned and waved his paw in a final good-bye, for he was going to visit a rich, fashionable party.

At the big wall with a Cottontail pattern, he stopped and put his front foot on the ground, and a little door opened and he went in.

"Is this Robert?" he asked, for his eyesight was not very good.

"Yes, it is, Robert," said Cottontail, respectfully. "Good-bye, Bunny Bob."

Well, soon Bunny Bob found himself in a dark, narrow, winding path in the dark, secret passage, and when they came out at the other end, there was a most delicious fragrance of perfume men's like ever seen.

"Good-bye, Bunny Bob," this is grand!"

He did not begin his remarks with "yes," replied his Uncle very stiffly.

"Why not?" said Bunny Bob.

"Because I am not invited," answered Uncle Bob.

The little rabbit went into his bedroom and undressed. Bunny Bob followed. A short while later, however, he said nothing because he could not think of any remark he beginning.

Well, the night passed peacefully, although the moon was bright. The moon was shining and made Bunny Bob to bed too, although he was not tired.

"Say, Uncle Bob, we never go to bed together like this," said Bunny Bob.

"You are wild woods folk," said Uncle Bob, "you must learn civilized ways."

It was a long time before the boy got up. He was very tired. He thought of his six little brothers and sisters and the fun they would have. He had a good night.

Well, the little rabbit came to call—all very fashionable creatures,



"Say Uncle Bob, We Never Go To Bed This Early At Home."

parts of different children in the neighborhood. Soon a man in overalls came and threw a handful of dirt on the floor, and Bunny Bob dashed into the bedroom and crouched down in the almost forgotten secret room.

"I wish I was home," thought the little fellow. "I think I'm going to sleep."

He was to have a worse scare for when he poked his nose out of the window, he saw his mother in a very bad mood.

"What did you do?" asked Bunny Bob, trying to tell the whole story, but his mother cut him off.

"I am a little wild rabbit," said Uncle Bob, "but you must learn civilized ways."

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Why, his apartments are so small and stuffy, with wife all around them shutting out the air. I wish if I were in a trap."

"Now, Bunny boy," said his father, "you are a good boy, and you are my host. Not grateful or kind."

"Well, I am not grateful, but I hope for him he knew his father was right."

"There's no place like home."

"As I was saying, I am not grateful, but I hope for him he knew his father was right."

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The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1918.

FICTION MAGAZINE



looking, it's other than your grandfather I'd have chosen," says she.

"My grandfather?" I questioned. "And what has he to do with the case?"

"Case is the right word," she nodded, and spoke with emphasis. "Letters that no jury could misread has he sent to me; letters that would take the heart out of any widow and leave her hoarding if the romancer had no honorable intentions."

She paused to look directly at me.

"Sure, an' who wouldn't have thought he meant marriage, and yet 'twas but a night or two a-back he confessed marriage was far from his intentions. He thought I should enjoy his talent at letter writing, he tells me, as he enjoys the exercise of that same talent."

She opened her black bag, took from it a small bundle.

"It's a lesson he badly needs, the old profligate," says she with a vicious click of her teeth, "and I'm the one setting about to teach him. We'll see what a jury will say to these letters."

"What time will Mr. McAvoy be in, did you say, Aileen?" she goes on when yet I didn't answer her.

"Not for a fortnight," I answered.

She rose, placed the letters on my desk.

"Will you give these to Mr. McAvoy when he returns," she says, "and have him pass on how much a jury will allow a poor widow whose heart has been mistreated."

"Twould do neither you nor the jury the slightest good," I said, finding now my spirit. "My grandfather's income no jury could fathom, it not being in existence."

She threw up her head then and made virtue of necessity.

* * *

I F THAT'S true," she answered me, "then at least with the man's name broadcasted over the land as a gay fooler, I may save some other innocent woman."

With which words she flounced out of the office, leaving me to stare stupidly at the package of letters till Mr. McAvoy's partner came in and began at once to dictate a long, tiresome declaration, which set forth in a thousand different counts that John Doe, while exercising all due care and caution, had been knocked down, dragged and mutilated by a street car operated by the agents of the defendant railroad company. And all the time the package of letters lay heavy in my pocket.

However, I closed my flesh at 5 o'clock and was preparing to leave when the telephone rang, and there at the other end of the wire was my grandfather.

"Aileen," he began at once, "'tis sad to relate that the Widow McCrea intends suing against me, so she tells me. She intends bringing her troubles and my letters to Lawyer McAvoy."

"The letters she has already brought," I answered him sternly, "but Mr. McAvoy she did not see."

"I remember you told me this morning he was to leave town," he answered, "so till he returns bring the letters home to me. I want to make copies of them to send to a publisher. They are very quaint, and out of the royalties I can pay the Widow McCrea back for her wounded heart."

As I did not answer, he ended dully:

"Otherwise, should a jury return a verdict, 'tis prison for your poor grandfather, since there is no money on hand, as well you know."

That settled me, and I took the letters home with me.

I found mother in the kitchen, making a lovely dessert of cream and pink gelatin, and I kissed her soft cheek.

"Rose, darlin'," I whispered, "haven't you forgiven father yet for lovin' you too much?"

She beat the cream to ribbons.

"He is not to be forgiven," she answered; "not for many a day, for speaking to me as he did one Monday morning. And if you see him, so you may tell him."

I knew then she meant to go the entire

length of her dramatics. And I went upstairs musing on the blindness of men. Had I been father, I should soon have brought her to her senses; not I to have gone about looking shyly and longingly at her. I should have picked her up, bit of thistledown as she is, flung her over my shoulder and off with her to some dark dungeon.

At supper I placed grandfather with a disapproving eye, but he minded me not at all. Poor father sat casting longing glances at mother, who looked far away and unattainable in her crisp white dress and a little blue bow in her hair, and never a glance for him. Grandfather spoke to mother.

"Rose, darlin'," he said, "I bespeak the parlor tonight from the hours of 8 to 10. I have important company. You will not entertain any of your admirers."

Mother flashed a hasty look at him, then she lowered her eyes.

"Admirers, father? You do well to cast pity at me, even if 'tis cynicism you employ. 'Tis many the long year since I had an admirer!"

Darling mother! She does use beautiful language when she wishes to squelch poor father! She is artist enough never to spoil her effects, so, though consumed with curiosity, she did not ask grandfather whom he expected as a caller.

I, too, had curiosity, so that I was glad when grandfather came up to my room after supper. But I fixed him with a dark and stern eye.

"The Widow McCrea—" I began, but he took the words from my lips.

"Give me the letters," he said. "I should have made copies before, but who thinks while the ardor of composition is on him?"

"I must have them back before Mr. McAvoy returns," I said, handing him the package.

"You shall," he answered. "And now put on your prettiest dress, for your young barrister comes calling the evening."

I felt the blood beating into my face.

"Tonight? And why should I see him?"

"You are to hear all that passes between us. Think you the Widow McCrea shall beat me at her game. She has sought a lawyer. I telephoned Courtney Ronalds to call on me tonight. He is just the right young puritan to defend me. He knows the law through and through."

He put the letters down on my little table and went away.

I flew to my dressing. Before 8 I was quite ready. I had brushed my hair high to give me needed height, which, with my three-inch beaded slippers, made me quite five foot two. My dress of palest blue with silver guimpe was my best.

Grandfather called me and I went down. My heart beat high, for seated at a small table was Courtney Ronalds! Grandfather spoke:

"Mr. Ronalds, let me show to you my granddaughter, Aileen."

* * *

THAT young man rose to his feet, raised cool and impersonal eyes to mine and murmured the polite return.

"To the mark at once," said my grandfather as I seated myself in a far corner and scarce dared lift my eyes. "I've written warm letters to the Widow McCrea. She threatens suit, so I've called on you to defend me. I wished not to call at your public office in the matter."

Courtney Ronalds set his lips tight.

"Where are the letters?" he asked in tones of ice.

"The letters, my love," said my rascal of a grandfather to me. And so it came that I had to walk the length of the room, upstairs and downstairs, again with the letters.

"These are copies," said my grandfather. "It's a habit of mine to make copies of my literary endeavors. I have two concords—I've been a good soldier and I've written charming love letters."

He passed a sheet to me.

"Read, Aileen," he commanded.

In a small and shy voice I began my

reading, for Courtney Ronalds' eyes were fixed on mine:

I am back once more in my lonely room, but your fragrant presence is still with me. I recall the blue of your eyes, the softness of your lips, your hands, slender and white, moving amidst the pages of your book. Would that the picture you made stay forever in my possession. * * *

I read on and on, sweet and dear love phrases. So carried away was I that I forgot time and place and put into my voice all the eloquence the words aroused in me. At last I raised my eyes, to find Courtney's gaze fixed on me, a sort of new and lively curiosity in it.

Grandfather's voice came.

* * *

AS A lawyer, Mr. Ronalds, is there anything incriminating in the firmer vision that can see the loveliness of woman?"

Courtney resumed his usual judicial manner.

"It is not what you see that matters. It is what you put in black and white. So far you have not convicted yourself. Please read the second letter, Miss Dinsmore."

So I went on:

This day have we walked the fields together. The sun was on your hair; pearls and silver in your speech. 'Tis the voice of woman that stirs always my heart. You it was who adventured beyond my cooler judgments. "Come," you cried, "let us away through green fields; let us forget the spring rivers. What? Are you afraid?" Yes, man is afraid betimes of romance when the sun is on her hair.

The letter stopped abruptly and grandfather rose. Straight he came to me.

"I am tired, Aileen, beloved," he said, and strode abruptly from the room, leaving me to say good night to Courtney Ronalds at our door.

The next night he came, however, promptly at 8. Mother admitted him—a frightened little dove of a mother. Like a little girl she looked, dressed in pink, my great, stolid father hovering near her, protectively.

She drew Courtney into the little parlor, where grandfather sat awaiting him.

"Oh, 'tis terrible, Mr. Ronalds," began my mother in her lovely voice, with its trace of accent.

"Your father has merely been foolish, let us hope," said Courtney.

"Not that it's criminal to write love letters," continued mother; "'tis a habit my whole family has. Aileen, my sweet daughter, has millions of them, to which, no doubt, she sent appropriate replies."

"Come, sweet," said my father as he put his arm about mother; "the spring night is fine for walkin'."

"Your mother?" asked Courtney of me in surprise when they had gone.

I nodded.

"And eighteen years separating us," I said. "She and father have made up after a little quarrel and now go out to walk like lovers."

"Strange," mused Courtney; "you seem—all—rarely romantic."

"Come," said grandfather, "to the letters."

So I read the third and the fourth, and then the fifth. This one went:

Palpitating to the mystery of all life, I have just left you. In one brief moment the doors of the world were flung open to me. In one rich moment all the colors of all the flowers had flamed for me—for I have kissed you. * * *

Courtney Ronalds was on his feet. "A kiss constitutes—" he began.

I, too, sprang to my feet.

"What does a kiss constitute?" I cried.

"Damning evidence!" he replied.

"You are sacrilegious!" I cried out on him. "A mincing young lawyer who

knows nothing of the sweetest things in life." I flung the letters at his feet. "There, take them; mull them over, find your own evidence; take each glance, each kiss, each thrill and parse them with your own crude and cruel common sense!"

He stared toward me, but I flashed by him and never once stopped till I was upstairs in my own room.

Two weeks went by and I never once went down to the little parlor, where nightly grandfather and Courtney Ronalds read the letters. Then one day he called me up and asked me to meet him in the waiting-room of the Blue Moon Hotel—on important business.

I faced him coolly enough, there in the ornate waiting-room.

"We may as well lunch together," he said in a businesslike manner, and led the way to the restaurant. We sat down near a playing fountain; soft music came to us from a hidden orchestra.

When the waiter had gone Courtney leaned forward and said:

"I was quite sure your eyes were blue."

"Your words are quite irrelevant," I answered with dignity.

"Perhaps," he said, coloring, but ever he kept his gaze on me. "The letters now; they were not copies, your grandfather admitted. The case is not a case, since you hold all the evidence in your own hands."

"Mr. Ronalds," I said, "you are a strange shell of a man. The gift of romance is not in you. Is the gift of perception, too, lacking? The Dinsmores have their honor, and this well the Widow McCrea knew when she intrusted the letters to me. My grandfather may play with fire and soothe his conscience with man logic; but he is the soul of integrity!"

"Why did your grandfather keep the letters?" he asked.

"So you might read them, and so he might make copies to publish, so his royalties might pay any judgment the Widow McCrea might get against him."

* * *

THEN he threw back his head and laughed long and heartily.

I looked away from him, hot anger in me, and there, coming down the aisle, I saw my grandfather and the Widow McCrea approaching!

At our table they paused, and no embarrassment was visible on their smiling faces. Grandfather held out a fine, wrinkled hand to Courtney.

"A new light in your eyes," said my grandfather; "the same that Aileen lights in every lover."

I could have slain him as he stood there, but Courtney answered calmly enough:

"We are here to discuss the evidence in your case."

And my rascal of a grandfather laughed outright, the Widow McCrea joining in.

"They have taken our joke quite seriously," said he.

Now the entire scheme unrolled itself before me! 'Twas to give me my heart's desire my grandfather had so demeaned himself. To have me read love letters to Courtney Ronalds, that his slow imagination might take fire!

I rose from my chair, spoke directly to Courtney Ronalds.

"If you will send your bill to me, Mr. Ronalds," I said, "I shall see that it is settled."

He did not speak for a moment. Then rising and looking straight into my eyes, he said:

"It is unconstitutional, I should say, Miss Dinsmore, not to be alone with a young lady when you tell her you love her." He looked at my grandfather. "Shall we leave you here alone, or shall we ourselves go?"

"Where?" asked my grandfather.

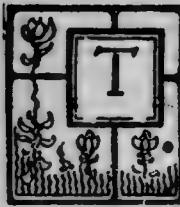
"To Arcady," said Courtney softly.

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THE CAMEL'S EYE

By Arthur James Hayes

Illustrated by Henry Thiele



HE heirs engaged in the customary squabbling over the estate. It is a conceit of many clever business men that they are competent to draw up their own last will and testament.

Like most other conceits, it has little foundation in fact. John C. Southwick's provision for a life estate for his sister, Maude Southwick, was the opening wedge for years of litigation.

Age had soured and embittered him. Some of his life annuities were contingent upon such bizarre eccentricities that the next of kin sought to have the will invalidated on plea of the testator's incompetency. An offer of \$100,000 to a nephew upon the condition that he never marry was held void as contrary to public policy.

The old butler's bequest of \$50,000 was contested on the ground of undue influence. Every legal firm in town that was of any real consequence jumped in with writs and injunctions and interpleaders extraordinary. And while the courts and relatives thrashed out the intricate maze of fact and law and probability, the old Southwick mansion stood empty.

It would have remained empty anyway. Southwick Sr. had guessed wrongly as to its best location back in the '60s. The fashionable center of town shifted north. The immigrant labor flood began to coalesce about the imposing red brick structure. The locality became one of cheap saloons and small shops and dirty alleys, filled with lurking gangsters.

Every day for thirty years the old man's carriage rolled past the peddlers' carts, along thoroughfares dim and grimy and squalid, and through the great iron gates of the drive. The children followed the fashionable trend uptown. His wife had been years dead, stubbornly he continued on in the outlandish locality. Daily he walked alone through the great high-ceilinged empty rooms where his children had romped. He still slept in the old south bedroom on the second floor where they had all been born, and where the doctor had folded his wife's white hands over the silent heart.

His death occasioned a great deal of comment. It had occurred in the garish monstrosity of a library that he had had designed, furnished and equipped with books, under a blanket contract. That was the way that Southwick had always done things—sweepingly, completely, and at a stroke. That was why also there were so many stocks and bonds and banking securities uptown in his safety vaults that the heirs hardly heeded the decadent mansion.

The will cases were almost up to the United States Circuit Court before the singular discovery was made that there had been other visitors to the Southwick library. No caretaker had been employed for over a year. The unkempt lawns grew up in weeds and dandelions, and the ill-c bushes in the back yard grew tall and straggly. Venturesome alley gamins had hurled a few missiles through the upper windows, but a rumor that the house was guarded by "dicks" in the daytime and ghosts at night prevented further depredations.

Young Jack Southwick, appointed administrator by compromise agreement of counsel in the will cases, made the discovery. He had hoped to find forgotten

In the silence of the old house they met—the aged anarchist and the girl who donned a bathing suit before entering the room

documents in his father's writing desk that might confirm certain legal phases of his own case. The odor of stale dust and damp rugs was strong in his nostrils as he entered the old drawing-room.

The wall paper was peeling and the

She wore no other article of clothing save a very scanty one-piece bathing suit of white silk.

The bullet-shaped head gleamed in the morning light like polished ivory, and the hand against the red plush of the chair was a grayish white, resembling the belly of a dead fish. Standing there in the choking cloud of dislodged dust, young

ing drapes, choking as the dust cascaded down from the disturbed folds. At the spectacle encountered his taut nerves forced a stifled cry from his lips. Around the iris of his eyes an unnaturally large circle of white appeared, and his hands twitched uncontrollably.

A second figure was sprawled out on the floor. It was that of a young girl. Her hair was tightly bound up in a yellow silk handkerchief, folded low over the eyes and knotted at the nape of the neck. One round bare arm lay stretched out beside her in the easy posture of sleep. The hand was gloved.

Her little feet explained the shapeless smudges on the dusty floor that he had observed in the other room. They were clad in beaded moosehide moccasins. She wore no other article of clothing save a very scanty one-piece bathing suit of white silk. The red lips had writhed back from the even white teeth, imparting to the dead countenance the grawsome seeming of a smile.

One gloved hand clutched a long iron key, much oxidized about the farther end. It was a crude affair, almost fifteen inches in length, with a heavy triangular slot near the end. She still gripped it tightly. Southwick stared at the glove. They were of white kid, elbow length, and fastened with tiny pearl buttons. They seemed never to have been worn before.

The dust had made smudgy marks upon the white gloves and slender limbs of the girl. He noticed that the tip of her retrousse nose bore a smear of coal dust. The effect imparted was almost ludicrous. Her cheeks were very red and gave the impression of having been heavily rouged.

The young broker stared about the room, his mind wandering irrelevantly back to the distant days when he had crept in there to tell his boyish woes to his always sympathetic dad. He was sorry that he had left his father so much alone in his last years. He seemed to see him now, sitting there beneath the mounted elk head that had been the sole trophy of his only vacation in thirty years.

So poignant were the old memories aroused by the familiar scene that he almost forgot the strange old man and the plumply slender girl there in the dusty silence. Something stung and misted his eyes. He started shamefacedly and stared about him. In the fireplace was a mound of gray coal ashes. He marveled at that.

With the distinctness with which people are prone to remember inconsequential things while forgetting others of vaster moment he recalled the last time he had seen it. That had been when they were closing up the old place. Then they had removed all the ashes and swept it out thoroughly. Indeed it had even been washed, leaving the seared firebrick a bright red.

Beside it stood a dirty old coal scuttle. That certainly had not been there when he had last stared about, the den, with the queer constriction in his throat. Near the coal scuttle lay a great hammered brass bowl and the strange ebony screen that the old man had purchased at some downtown curio store. The young man's last recollection, a rather uncertain one, was that the screen at least had been removed to the basement when the aged caretaker put the house in order before going home to succumb to pneumonia.

He wondered whether it had been the girl or the man who trundled it upstairs again, apparently to set it in its accustomed place. The close, oppressive atmosphere of the old room sickened him. The

slender legs of some Louis Quinze chairs were warping into indecorous postures. On the floor he noticed footprints, small amorphous abrasions of the dust that carpeted the hardwood to a depth of a quarter of an inch or so.

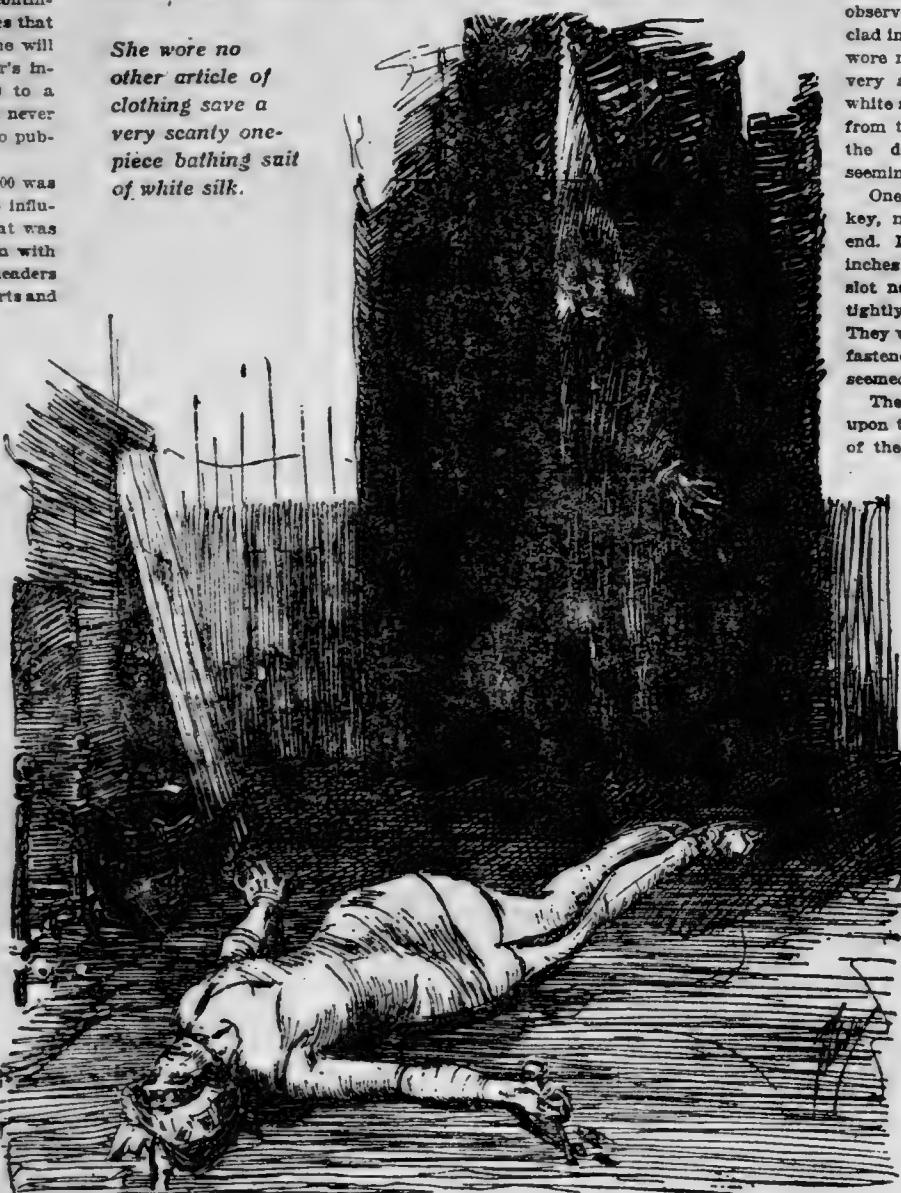
They were not the imprints of a shoe. Neither did they convey the impression of having been made by some one in stocking feet. He followed them into the other room. The old green shutters were only half closed, and the effect of the morning sunlight was to pattern the room in alternate bars of gold and purple. He stared in front of him with an astonished focusing of attention that held him oblivious to the stifling dust raining down from the shaken portieres. An old, bald-headed man sat back in one of the red plush armchairs facing the windows. His head had dropped forward upon his scrawny chest and his eyes were closed. The corners of the bloodless lips were lifted upward in a leering, senile grin. In one hand, still clenched tightly despite the slackness of the arm, was an open razor.

Southwick remarked all this. He even noticed the grain of the leathery yellow skin, held in ridges by the cords of the thin neck.

All of these impressions were photographed on his mind before the full horror of his discovery was borne upon him. Then he realized that the man was dead. The posture and the smile were unutterably hideous. Southwick moved several steps nearer, conquering his strong aversion for the corpse crouched in the chair.

From the old armchair the peculiar shapeless footprints led through the red portieres into the little den. They seemed to circle around the reading table. Southwick followed them, expecting to trace them back to the armchair. But they went on through into the next room. On the strip of uncarpeted hardwood between the two he discerned another variety of footprints. These were such as might have been made by an ordinary leather shoe. He glanced back at the shriveled little man's feet. They were attired in common black square-toed boots.

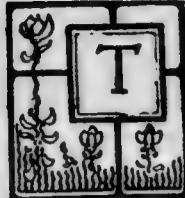
He pushed his way through the sway-



THE ROMANTIC DINSMORES

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by F. McAnelly



HOUGH mother is an incorrigible romantic, I rarely go to her with any of my love stories. You see, mother is only 26 (just eighteen years older than I), and still very much interested in her own affairs. And besides my particular and most important romance began when mother was busy talking to good, unspectacular father and making him miserable while keeping things above the monotonous for herself.

I've always felt especially close to grandfather, mother's father. Not altogether because he has never let the slightest wish of mine go ungratified; part of my love for him is because he understands so well. He is handsome, with rosy cheeks and a shock of white hair that springs wily away from a good forehead. He has keen blue eyes, and he is always thinking of what he means to do in the future. He's just 70, and has buried three wives. My mother admits that he made a very good choice in each case, so far as beauty goes. Her own mother had been the first, and mother likes to believe that grandfather's subsequent marriages were mere vagaries.

One Wednesday evening I reached home from work anxious to see grandfather. Mother was lovely to me, but distant; her manner was pensive, as if she were suffering, and she does look terribly pretty when she is dramatizing herself and squeezing all the color she can out of a nineteen-year-old marriage.

"Where's grandfather?" I asked at once.

"In his own room, concocting some mischief, I'll wager," mother answered.

I went upstairs and rapped at grandfather's door. His rich voice boomed out an invitation to enter. I entered his room and sank down on the couch under his crossed swords and the framed letter he had received from General Thomas for bravery.

"Well, Aileen?" said grandfather. He had been reading a luxuriously-appearing book, which he had thrust behind him at my entrance.

"Grandfather," I said, coming directly to the point, "I saw the man I could have today!"

He was interested at once, and bade me continue.

"Mr. McAvoy telephoned me to bring an authority to him in court," I said. "I found it under the case of Axelman vs. Axelman and hurried to the courtroom with it. And there I saw the young pleader. He was giving his address to the jury, and his eyes were fiery black and his hands slender and strong looking."

"And what had he to say to you?" asked grandfather with confidence.

But I had to answer him:

"Nothing. In truth, he did not see me. And all day long I've thought of him."

"Because he didn't fall victim at once, as have so many others," said grandfather sagely. "And soon you tire of them all. You remind me of your mother. She numbered her young men, so she could keep track of them. Of an evening they came in droves through the front door and out the back."

"That's a tale I don't completely believe," I answered, "though it might explain mother's dislike to settling down with father."

Grandfather put the tempting book carefully away beneath his pillow. Then he straightened himself to his six feet

A girl and her grandfather in whom the same spirit of adventure lived. A sprightly tale, different and vitally alive with youth

one and looked steadily at me, as though pondering. Then he spoke.

"So the villain never noticed you, Aileen? Don't belie yourself."

I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror and blushed. Even in the half-light my eyes were deep blue and the lashes curled upward—a sign, grandfather had often told me, that I'd have many lovers. But I must be truthful.

"Courtney Ronalds never saw me, grandfather. He looked at me but he did not see me, as I've told you."

Then grandfather cried

I saw my grandfather and the Widow McCrea approaching.



on the day I had first seen him. But I listened to his tongue, sharp and clear and full of dry wisdom. But what was lacking in his words? I knew that which my grandfather called drama—'twas imagination. He had none of it.

I smiled.

"And the son is like him, for he saw not my sweet Aileen, the blind bat! Tell me, what does he look like?"

"As I've told you."

"Yes, yes, but 'tis just his eyes, his hands you've dwelt on. Tell me, has he drama in him?"

"How can I know?"

"Find out!" said my grandfather shortly.

One of the members of my law firm, the Mr. McAvoy I have mentioned, had to ask me one day in the absence of his clerk to serve a notice on Courtney Ronalds, and gladly enough I went.

I had to secure his signature, so his stenographer showed me into his private office. He was talking over the telephone, giving advice to a client, so I had to wait. My pulses beat unaccountably fast, as

ing in my love affair, but I was rather hurt that he seemed to take no more interest. And then I discovered the reason for his indifference. Several times I met him returning from the little white house of the Widow McCrea. He wore a guilty look besides his frock coat and high hat, and once he was wetting his lips like a cat at a saucer of cream.

I took it that in his own romance he had quite forgotten mine—mine that had died aborting, since whenever Courtney Ronalds met me in my own office or in the law library he seemed only to remember that I was a precocious little girl, and to smile in memory of my foolish ideas regarding the supremacy of human reactions over cut and dried theory.

Once I saw him with his mother, a white-haired old aristocrat, who was visiting during the summer. I put up a bold front.

He was a tall, dark man, with a high forehead, a strong nose, and a smile that was like a ray of light. He was a man of family, and I was glad for my mother's sake.

I was from the desire for activity. I, who went home nightly to a two-story cottage with built-on porches and out of date bay windows, while he consort with maidens who knew not the meaning of labor, and who lived in a big house on our most notable street.

Ah, well, the heart goes where it will, and true I knew mine had gone forever from my keeping.

And then one day something happened. I was sitting alone in the big outside office when the door opened and in came the little Widow McCrea.

She walked across the room primly enough and stopped near my desk. Her blue eyes were a bit faded, the gray showed plainly in the waves of her hair. She sat herself down in the chair near my desk.

"Is Mr. McAvoy in?" she asked me, and gave me not another word of greeting, though she had known me since childhood.

"He's out of town," I said. "Will his partner do?"

"No," she answered. And then: "You're not looking so well. The color's gone from your cheeks."

"And from my heart," I nearly finished, but pride sent my head up. Women are women always with uncanny insight, and the Widow McCrea must never dream of my pining for a man with black eyes and curt tongue who had no look for me save one of indifference.

"When love gets a woman of the Dinsmore tribe, she suffers beyond ordinary bounds," said the Widow McCrea.

"Tis true," I answered with a smile; "that's why I'm evading love and finding content in work."

"Eh, Mavourneen," she answered, "right smart you are. I wish I had your ordinary sense. Here am I, a woman rising onto 40 (well I knew she was nearing 50), and I've let love get my heart, only to have all the sorrow of Ireland in me this minute."

"That's a pity," I answered; "I thought you'd have done with love at this time of life and be looking only for support."

She threw up her head at that.

"And if 'twas merely for support I was

windows were tightly closed and locked from within. The heavy green shutters were drawn shut and the blind had been lowered until only the light through the panes gave illumination.

He stared down at the girl. Corpses ordinarily are not beautiful, but this one was. Her bare limbs were white as alabaster and her cheeks were a vivid pink, beautiful as the flush of dawn. Even the spot mark on her delicate nose served—like a beauty spot—to enhance than to diminish her beauty.

* * *

TURNING, he looked back at the other room. In his rusty black clothes, the old man with the yellow bald head and hooked nose resembled a dead condor. One corner of his mouth was raised higher than the other, imparting a leering quality to his crooked smile. The girl seemed to share his sardonic mirth, but her wide gray eyes were directed toward the ceiling.

Southwick walked from one room to another, repelled at the door of each by the fear of another grisly horror within. But the others, grimy and gloomy and silent, contained nothing out of the ordinary. He left the old mansion and reported the find to the police.

The singular circumstances attending the affair created a general furor. Why a very pretty young girl should be wearing such an incongruous garb as silk bathing suit, moosehide moccasins and kid gloves, miles from the nearest bathing facilities, was itself a mystery. Out in the tangs of unpruned lilac bushes in the back yard they found her clothing—a cravat, a white shirtwaist and blue serge skirt, cheap corset, lime stockings and very new shoes. It was such a costume as a shop girl might have affected. Indeed, it transpired that the girl was Marie McGinnis, former maid at the Southwick home.

The dead man had been Southwick Sr.'s valet for a number of years. His name was Alfonse De Nara, and despite his lowly occupation, he boasted of distinguished lineage in Castile. He had been discharged by the estate after his master's death. No one could remember having seen him about the premises since then.

The razor was in good condition and gave evidence of much stropping. It might have been the one used in shaving his former employer. No one knew. The butler had died before the courts had determined whether he had unduly influenced his employer, the deceased, to the extent of \$50,000. His heirs continued the fight, but they knew nothing about the old Southwick home.

The key was as great an enigma. What use it could have had no one knew. Careful search of the house failed to reveal any opening into which it could have been

thrust with intent to unlock something. The girl's exquisite body bore no blemish. The razor had not been used to cause the death of either man or girl.

After a week's investigation the coroner's jury returned the evasive verdict of "Death from cause or causes unknown." Analysis of the stomach contents of the two failed to reveal poison. The expert chemist consulted thought that in the girl's case some quick-acting alkaloid might have been used. A number of these, he explained, spur the circulatory system and drive blood to the face.

The old valet was such a decrepit wreck that it was thought that death might have ensued from natural causes. There was a slight bruise behind one ear, such as might have been sustained by lapsing heavily back into the chair. This could have been received after the fatal stroke of heart failure, however. The coroner's report embodied five proximate causes of death, varying from mitral insufficiency to cerebral hemorrhage.

The razor was carefully examined for traces of poison, but microscopic analysis revealed the blade as free from deadly chemicals. The police, characteristically helpless in the face of conditions that violated the usual crook precedents, hypothesized wild theories. The favorite one was that of a clandestine meeting, terminated by a suicide pact or murder.

Chester McAllyn, chief of detectives, was of the opinion that the girl had succumbed last. He believed that the object of the return was to loot some hidden store of valuables of whose existence the estate was not aware. The ashes in the fireplace were simply explained. If death had ensued four or five days before discovery, as the experts believed, it had taken place during a spell of cold, rainy weather.

Particularly at night the old high-cellinged rooms would be distinctly chilly. To one in such a condition of practical nudity as the girl, a fire would be decidedly welcome. The great hammered brass bowl lying near the screen might have been casually left there. He indignantally rejected the hypothesis that every article in the room needed explanation. The den was full of queer curios, 90 per cent of which, no doubt, had no more to do with the deaths than surrounding of-

fice buildings have to do with a street car accident.

Perhaps, too, they had been destroying certain evidences of guilt. There were, indeed, charred fragments of paper about the edge of the fireplace. Apparently this had been one reason for the fire, although it was not easy to explain why a match applied to the paper direct would not have served as well. Amateur sleuths evolved a thousand theories which they strove to have published in the correspondence columns of the newspapers.

Interst flared high at first, and then as the weeks dragged on without new sensations, pinched out. There were no influences to prod the police to greater activity. Valets are inconsequential creatures and girls of the bourgeois class are numerous. When the mystery house was struck by lightning a few months later in a storm that had already necessitated two general alarms its burning to the ground received about two sticks on the fifth page. Even then, however, rumor hung about the ruins.

It was whispered about that a certain old Yiddish junk dealer had gotten rich on a blackened lump of heavy metal that he had found while grubbing in the cooling debris, heedless of the menace of the weakened walls. Forthwith started a stampede for the ruins that it required a riot squad to check. The junk dealer himself protested vehemently that he had found nothing.

A new phase of the will fight eclipsed the memory of the old place even in the minds of the various claimants for the estate. By a second agreement of counsel the lot was sold to a concern that erected a laundry upon it. The last outpost of gentility in South Warren avenue had surrendered to the vandal hordes.

* * *

THE wind screeched triumphantly as it raced down the dark alleys, swirling rain gusts that caught startled passers-by on side streets in miniature waterspouts. In the deep shadows water gurgled and rain pattered, resonant with the slight mystery that dignifies common noises made in the dark. Warren avenue pool-rooms were almost deserted, and through the dripping night the tenement lights burned green through grimy panes.

A girl crossed the street, evading the discouraged glare of a sputtering arc

light, succumbing to a short circuit of moisture. She stepped into the alley, shrank behind the telephone pole and stared intently out into the deserted avenue.

Fifteen minutes elapsed. Then she went on up the dingy thoroughfare. Through the drawn blinds of the windows dim light struggled, and she could see the silhouettes of men's heads bent over illicit card tables in the rear of cheap saloons. These occasional rays of light revealed her countenance as pink and clear, and her eyes as wide and darkly gray. Over her head was drawn a yellow silk handkerchief, sodden with rain and gleaming, where light found it, like polished brass.

Her slender figure was shrouded in a cheap blue cravatette, buttoned close up to the rounded chin. Under one arm she carried a small bundle wrapped in brown paper. At the gate where boys had been wont to obey the injunction to "Deliver all packages at the rear" she stopped, groping in her pocket for a key.

The next moment it was clicking in the rusty lock. The ornamental frieze of wrought iron spilled great drops upon her as she thrust the gate open. Just as carefully she closed it again and stood listening. The grass had grown tall since her last visit. The budding lilac bushes towered away over her head. She stared long at the blank walls of the mansion, looming so imposingly in the gloom.

Then in the concealment of the lilac bushes she commenced very deliberately to remove her clothes. The raincoat was carefully folded and thrust under the bushes. The white shirtwaist followed suit. She gasped audibly as the chill downpour beat upon her bare shoulders, but continued resolutely. When her skirt and corset and stockings had joined the folded raincoat she stood there, fumbling with the string around the package. The wet silk merged with the tint of her skin until she might have appeared to prying eyes like a marble nude, deserted to adversity in the unkempt garden.

Slowly, because they stuck so obstinately, she began to don a pair of long kid gloves. This having been accomplished, she slipped on a cheap pair of imitation Indian moccasins. Placing a key between her teeth, and thrusting a box of matches into the scant bodice of the silken bathing suit, she started down the stairs that led to the basement entrance. She felt her way along the interior after unlocking the door, occasionally uttering an exclamation of pain as her unprotected body came in contact



"Senorita!" he exclaimed,
"you recognise this?"

bars very soon. "We're almost there," he heard her murmur, and gritted his teeth.

Two shining, piercing lights rounded the curve behind them, and Compton noticed that the roadway was becoming brighter. He made a final strenuous effort and the fore wheel of the bicycle touched the railroad track. Jumping off, he helped Slippery Nell down. The two dancing lights were bearing closer.

"Hurry!" Compton ordered. "Run this way!" Dragging the bicycle after him, both ran up the track. "A freight is making up!" he cried. "We'll crawl into an empty car! You don't mind, do you?"

She shook her head. So tossing the wheel aside, they sprang forward among the cars. The pursuing automobile was stopped at the crossing.

They ran to an empty car of the train and Compton gently lifted the girl inside, and followed.

"If the train would only start before they begin searching!" he muttered anxiously.

"Oh, they must—"

"What?"

"Not find us now!"

She shrank away from the car door and out of the moonlight. He followed her, and drawing farther within, they attained the end of the car. The sound of running feet grew louder, and now were at the car. Compton's heart stood still, for the steps had suddenly ceased at the very car door. He felt the girl's hand clutch convulsively at his arm, and a moment later the heavy car door, with various creaks and groans, shut out the pale moonlight, leaving the interior a dense black. It was merely the unsuspecting brakeman, but he had, unknowingly, imprisoned the inmates of the car more securely than if they were behind the bars of jail.

Slippery Nell darted forward with an exclamation of horror, but both doors of the car were securely fastened. They might as well have been in jail.

"What can we do?" she cried, stifling a sob. "They must—"

"That very thing may save us!" Compton answered. "We must remain in the end of the car, in case they should search."

He led her to the upper end of the car, and cautioning her to remain absolutely quiet, he stepped to the opposite end. Voices were slowly drawing closer, and he felt instinctively that they were even now searching. He heard them stop at the next car, and waited expectantly.

* * *

HEY can't be in this car," he heard a voice mutter. "It's been closed the whole trip!" It was the brakeman speaking. The searchers then returned in the direction from which they had come, but a few carelessly dropped words still rang in Compton's ears. Those words were full of meaning to him—for he was a lawyer. So, he thought musingly, she lied to me. No one could hope to benefit by so doing. He carefully made his way back to Slippery Nell.

"They have given up the search!" he stated in answer to her hasty questions.

"But—the door!" she cried softly. "We will starve—die of thirst! We don't know how long it will be before we will be released from here! This is worse than jail!"

"We can only hope for the best," returned Compton. He was far more worried about the situation than he dared to let her know, and his thoughts were being constantly interrupted by what he had heard. He wondered if Slippery Nell had heard, too; but then she had been in the other end of the car.

"I'm sorry I can't make you more comfortable," he continued apologetically. "Are you still cold?"

"No—it's warm here, but I'm hungry and tired! I can hardly stand!"

She was standing very close to him, and as their eyes became more accustomed to the darkness they could see each other faintly, and Compton could easily hear her quick breathing.

"I've gotten you into a fine predic-

ment," she laughed presently. "I should think you would wish to turn me over to the police. I dare say it would be more comfortable than this."

"Nothing doing!" Compton returned firmly. "I'll play the game. I would be arrested the same as you, so I'll try to turn them in the wrong direction until you can get out of the danger zone! In fact, I believe I could enjoy this experience if I had food and water. You—"

"Yes, but you're an honest man, practicing an honest profession, and not a thief or crook like me," she interpolated. "You're not inclined toward doing—living a life like mine, but I'm a professional—don't care for the settled life, and I suppose I will have to go to jail sometime!"

"Don't you ever desire to reform, marry some good man and live a life that is not full of the dangers you invite? Don't you think that when you are in prison you will regret your past life? Can't you see the advantage of reforming now, before it is too late?" His tone was vague.

She shuddered.

"You don't associate with common crooks much, do you?" he continued. "Haven't their ways—looks."

"No—not that!"

"At least"—he sought her hand and pressed it fervently between his own—"I think you are rather good—for a crook!"

* * *

SHE withdrew her hand gently, and Compton, leaving her, walked up and down the car. His hands worked convulsively, his breath came fast, and he walked nervously for the next half hour, giving no attention whatever to his companion. As he was walking near the side of the car he again came upon her. She was sobbing softly.

"This is hard on you," he began abruptly. "You must be almost exhausted. Nothing to eat—the strain of escaping! I wish the train would stop. We've traveled about thirty miles already!"

"What time do you suppose it is?" she faltered, looking at him appealingly.

"Not later than 11 o'clock," he returned.

She leaned wearily against the side of the car.

"I expect I'd better—"

"Have you any suggestion for escape—to leave this behind?" he inquired, interrupting.

"N-no—w-w-w—t—"

"This—this may be able to take you quite a distance, and it will be a good plan for you to continue in this car. For my part, I shall endeavor to get out of here—the first stop. I feel—well, no matter. As I was saying, it will be better for you to go as far as possible!"

"But—do you think I will get along all right—by myself? I may not be released for days!" she returned sharply.

"Well—case of your position in life should expect most any hardship—even being without food for days!"

He heard her breath come faster, and with a smile of scorn continued:

"You wouldn't have to remain in the car more than a few hours. And then—such a long ride free. Why, you should send the railway company fare after you get on your feet again! Conscience money, you know!"

She was leaning heavily against the side of the car.

"You truly mean—to get out of here alone—to leave me?" Her voice was tremulous.

"Why shouldn't I?" he retorted. "Of course I have nothing from which to run away—and—the first natural law of man is self-preservation. We are nothing to each other! You will ride on and live your life of—crookedness, while I—I will return to my own lawful work!"

"Somehow—I wish—that you wouldn't leave me at the first stop! We must be almost to a station, by the way. But—surely, if you get off now—you can take me out with you! I'm sick of this car! I think it will be safe for me. You'll take me with you, won't you?" She spoke forcibly but pleadingly.

"No—I cannot! I don't think it would be safe for you! Listen! I will get off at the next station by arousing the brakeman. You will remain in the end of the car and can go on for sixty or seventy miles yet! The main point with you is to put as much distance as possible between yourself and Glendale! For myself, that is not so necessary!"

"Please!" She caught his arm and asked again. "I think I've traveled far enough. I want to get off at the next stop—with you! You'll let me? Please!"

"No!" he flashed. "This is final! For your own good, you must remain in this car and allow me to leave! Now—let's change the subject!"

The car jerked as though for stopping and she came to her senses.

"I'm a fraud!" she broke out passionately; "only a fraud! You'll hate me, but I'm not a crook—it was all a frame-up! Every one knew how you hated us girls, and I was put up to playing this stunt! I was supposed to carry it so far, but when the time came for the denouement I couldn't do it! Then everything went from bad to worse! You played the game so strong—stronger than I thought you would, and I couldn't tell you until now! Oh, I'm not worth my weight in old iron! I'm just like this in everything! No—wonder—don't you hate me—awfully?"

"No! Oh, no! I don't hate you! In fact—you'll pardon me—but I think you are a little daredevil!"

She laughed.

"And I really thought you a thief!" Compton laughingly continued. "You played your part well, but if you're not Slippery Nell, who are you?"

"Marjory Carolsford of Chicago."

"Not Judge Carolsford's daughter?" flashed Compton.

"Yes—the very same! Do you know father?"

"Yea, in a legal way. I've called at your home a few times to see him on urgent business. You live on South Michigan avenue, don't you?"

She nodded.

"Will you tell me something about the frame-up?" asked Compton presently. "It's considerable of a surprise, you know."

"Well," she laughed, "you never noticed any of us girls; and some went quite 'crazy' about you. The way you ignored them made a few of them angry, and they decided to get even, so they won the men over to their side, explained the plot, and everything promised to go fine. All went just as planned until you took me away bodily on the bicycle. That was the first upset, and now—look where we are!"

"How does it happen that you were the one girl—?"

"We drew lots, and I happened—"

"To be the unlucky one! I'm sorry I caused so much disturbance!"

"Oh, it's all our fault! You're not to blame!" she cried, and he wondered at her earnestness.

The train, with much bumping and groaning, came suddenly to a standstill. Both walked to the door of the car.

"We must get out!" Compton said hastily, and banging the door. "We must—before they leave here again!"

* * *

THE car door began to slide back, admitting the feeble rays from a lantern. By the lantern's side appeared the grinning face of the brakeman.

"You kin cum on out now," he said slowly. "No one will git you now, I reckon, an' this car don't go no farther."

Miss Carolsford and Compton emerged from the darkness and alighted from their dark prison.

"How did you know we were in the car?" Compton demanded.

"Shore, an' I seen you jump in up to Sadon! Thin I shuts the door, an' when them people comes inquirin' for you I puts them off yer trail! It ain't the first time I've helped elopin' folks from there. We git a lot of them."

"What time is it?" demanded Compton, failing to explain the truth of the matter.

"Bout 'leven!" The brakeman started away.

"Do you know when there is a passenger train for Sadon?" Compton cried after him.

"Shore, an' mighty soon, I'm thinkin'!" He disappeared.

"Come!" ordered Compton, speaking to Miss Carolsford. "We must find the station."

The station was not far from that very spot, and they found that a train for Sadon was due in an hour.

"We're not so unlucky after all," muttered Compton. Then turning to Miss Carolsford: "We can get to Sadon by 1. If the Glendale Hotel bus is there, we can arrive at Glendale by 1:30, and if it isn't, we'll do the next best thing."

* * *

HEY sat in the station and silently reviewed, in their own minds, the events of the night, briefly, until train time. The day coach of the train was deserted only for a few people who lay sprawled out on the seats sleeping, and Compton and Miss Carolsford dropped into a seat well in the rear of the car. Miss Carolsford feigned sleep most of the way to Sadon, but when the train stopped there she jumped up quickly, and both she and Compton were out of the car before any of the wakeful passengers noticed them. Here they were due to one disappointment. There was no bus to Glendale. They could not go over until early in the morning!

Miss Carolsford remained comfortably in the station, but Compton disappeared. He had not been gone more than fifteen minutes when he suddenly reappeared and unceremoniously woke her from a short sleep.

"Come!" he said, authoritatively. "Let's go!"

"What—do—you—mean? I thought—" she murmured sleepily.

"I mean," retorted Compton, "that we can return the way we came!"

"Indeed—we will not!" she flashed back. "I will not ride back that way! I will wait till morning!"

He drew her to her feet and led her—or rather pulled her—out of the station.

"Indeed—but we will!" he retorted.

"We shall ride back the way we came, even if I must do as you said I did before—place you bodily on the handle-bars! Come!"

The ride back to Glendale was devoid of any incident, but Miss Carolsford appeared very uncomfortable. They arrived at the hotel a little after 2 o'clock in the morning. The hotel clerk asked no questions, and they separated, going to their respective apartments. But the next morning Miss Carolsford had gone—left the hotel early—probably caught the morning train to Kalamazoo, and three hours later Harold Compton had gone also. He had decided to spend the remainder of his vacation in Chicago.

* * * * *

Three months later Compton and Miss Carolsford stood in the library window of the Carolsford home.

"Marjory," he was saying, "your father thinks I am all right. Don't you think you could ever love me a wee bit?"

"Harold, the girls at Glendale chose me because they thought I would be neutral—would further their interests—but I wasn't neutral! I cared even then!"

"Marjory?"

For a passionate, breathless interval she lay against his breast, her eagles, pleading lips pressed to his.

"Marjory, that night when we were in the car they came searching, and one of the searchers said something."

"What?" Her face lay close to his, her eyes looking into his, questioning, but full of pride and peace.

"Marjory," he said, "you are carrying the joke too far!"

"Then you knew?"

A whimsical smile overspread his face as he drew her closer.

"My own Slippery Nell," he whispered happily, "did you think for a moment that I didn't know?"

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With the sharp angles of doors and windows.

Once in the upper hall, where, as she had observed on a former occasion, the blinds were tightly drawn, she dared to strike a light.

The match flare found her in front of a pier glass, veiled in dust. She stared at her dim reflection. Her teeth were chattering with the cold, her lips were blue and her skin was roughened into "gooseflesh." The originally white gloves were already drab-colored with grime. Very deliberately she placed her right hand against the mirror. It left a distinct impression upon the layer of dust. She smiled slightly and went on.

* * *

IN THE den she ascertained that the shutters were closed and the blinds drawn. Then she began a series of visits to the basement. These were accomplished in utter darkness and facilitated by a seemingly instinctive sense of direction. She scraped around the bin for coal and located the scuttle in its customary place beside the door of the little furnace-room.

Afterward, in the corner devoted to discarded furniture, she resurrected the ebony screen. Back in the den, she carefully placed it in front of the fireplace. Then she took a book from one of the shelves and tore out some leaves. She glanced at them casually. They were the hand-illuminated parchments of a fourteenth century Bible, worth perhaps a thousand dollars.

Soon tiny flames rose in the fireplace. The coal ignited and glowed ruddily. The ebony screen deflected the light from the window, but it danced on the dust-dimmed walls and grimy portieres. The girl sat on the floor, warming her damp, chill body with the welcome heat. Then she rose and groped under the top of the library table. Her gloved hand closed on a long iron key. Her eyes roved to the mosaic on the farther wall of the den.

It was composed of alternate squares of green jade and red and brown porphyry, and crudely depicted a camel train on the Sahara.

Curiously worked out in squares of various colors were quaint palm trees and sand hills, with the jutting apex of a distant pyramid. The girl went over and fingered the head of the camel looming largest in perspective. Its queer triangular eye seemed to fascinate her. Then she returned to the blaze.

"Buena noche, señorita!" said a voice behind her.

She started, choking back a scream. The dusty portieres had parted to reveal the head of a man. It was bald, hook nosed and weirdly aged. The thin lips parted in a vacuous, toothless smile. The girl's dilated eyes narrowed and the color oozed back into her chalky face.

"So it is that we return, eh?" said the man, stepping into the room and carefully closing the drapes behind him.

The girl's red lips set sullenly.

"What the devil are you here for?" she queried.

The man, small and old and attired in a greenish black suit, smiled again.

"Perhaps it is that we share a secret?" he suggested. "I observe that you have possessed yourself of—of the great key."

"Well?" said the girl.

"Why?" he asked irrelevantly, standing beside her, "do you always prowl around here without—you will pardon me, señorita—without clothes?"

The girl shrugged her handsome bare shoulders.

"I know what I do," she replied evasively.

The other's wrinkled and mummylike visage twisted again into the crooked grin.

"In the past," he observed, "you read much of these queer detective stories—is it not?"

The girl's long gray eyes flashed angrily.

"What if I did?" she snapped. "This ain't no stage make-up. Look here!"

She held up one gloved hand.

"See that? Well, it's touched floors and tables and window sills and everything else a thousand times tonight. And this dust is just about the same thing as Spanish lampblack, that the 'dicks' are so fond of using. If you know anything at all, you know that this finger-print stuff ain't no joke these days."

The other nodded calmly.

"You reason well," he admitted. "The spot where one chances to put his hands, groping in the dark, he might overlook a score of times by daylight. But—but the rather lavish exposure of the señorita's person? Is it also a part—"

"It is!" she snapped savagely. "Who the hell are you to be cross-questioning me? Fresno Fannie Halloran drew three years because she dropped a silk handkerchief in the Mulhall residence. I didn't have to read in no detective story that Lising Jimmie McCabe registered the queer horseshoe design on his heel in the dust of the Montague cellar. It was a croaking job, too, and he went to the chair for it.

"Women's togs ain't no good for a crib trick, anyhow. When you're climbing around in the dark you're pretty sure to leave some torn dress goods or frilly lace for some wise dick or harness bull to remember he seen you with. And I'd stand a fine chance with finger prints against my own Bertillon record, wouldn't I? I can burn the moccasins and gloves and bathing suit in about five minutes and it's all over. Exceptin' on your hands—just—just skin—isn't no give-away!"

The weazened little Spaniard bowed.

"The señorita answers well," he said suavely. "The first time—how well I remember!—there was lacking for the present picture only—well, only the charming silk garb. You were standing behind the master staring down at him. I was across the hall—also staring. We seemed to have a mutual interest in the den, eh?"

The girl smiled sardonically.

"You poor old fish!" she exclaimed. "And I biggered you didn't have brains enough to do anything but read those fool Spanish anarchist papers all night!"

A fanatical gleam lighted the other's dark eyes.

"I would suggest," he said gently, "that anarchy is not foolish. The world that now scorns in time will accept what—"

"Can the chatter!" commanded the

girl crisply. "This ain't no Salvation Army gabfest."

The erstwhile valet bowed.

"I might say, then, that for my own part I thought you capable only of reading detective romances!"

The girl sat long in silence, staring into the blaze.

"He wasn't a bad old guy," she remarked inconsequentially.

"He was rich," said the other sharply. "No man should have wealth greater than the rest of the community. And while only a few blocks away children died for lack of clean milk—he—this Judas to humanity—played at midnight with piles of gleaming diamonds!"

"He sure was a nut on it!" admitted the girl. "I guess none of his folks know that he was cracked on the Tiffany sparklers! He wasn't such a fool, though. Stickin' that red-hot key into the camel's eyes wasn't so slow, eh?"

"Southwick knew chemistry," admitted the Spaniard grudgingly. "The heat extended the iron the necessary eighth of an inch or so required to engage the lock!"

"And it burned out that queer brown stuff that always poured down in again and blocked up the keyhole!"

"Amber and graphite," said the man. "It was a clever trick, too. It seems self-feeding from some gravity reservoir, and hardens to the smoothness of the stone it imitates."

The fire, roaring in increased exuberance, drove them farther back. Its ruddy glare seemed to suggest an idea to the old man.

"Why didn't you burn the house instead?" he asked abruptly.

* * *

THE girl cast a scornful glance. "That stuff might work in Barcelona," she sneered, "but in this country it ain't good form to let houses burn down. There's fire departments paid to save 'em. And if we got the place nicely smoked up we'd be framed for a double rap!"

Genuine admiration gleamed in the other's beady eyes.

"Feurierre says women never reason consecutively," he muttered, "but I think he was wrong!"

"Who says what?" queried the girl suspiciously.

He made a gesture of depreciation.

"Nothing," he replied. "There is the immediate business in hand."

"Fifty-fifty!" said the girl promptly. "And whichever is caught keeps mum!"

"It seems," suggested the old man gently, "that I, who made it easier for the master to die—"

"You!" sneered the girl, laughing mirthlessly. "Say, that's good!"

"It was excellent," agreed the valet.

The girl was not heeding.

"This blaze'll have the town down here!" she exclaimed. Springing up, she seized a great hammered brass bowl and inverted it over the coals. In the dimmer light they stared at each other. The Spaniard groped in his pocket. Tense to anticipate a hostile move, the girl watched him narrowly. He extracted a razor.

"Señorita!" he exclaimed, "you recognize this? For five years I shaved the

master with it daily. Then one day I steeped its edge in poison. I was careless that day. No doubt I was thinking of the babies dying for lack of sweet pure milk down the avenue! At all events I cut him two or three times. And that night he was found dead!"

The girl's jet-lashed eyes narrowed until they were twin black slits in her angry face.

"You!" she cried. "You—did it?"

He bowed, an ironical smile twisting his lips.

"Yes," he said.

"What did you intend to do with—with the swag?" she asked softly.

"I would have bought milk for babies!" he replied. "And you?"

"I got a square guy that's crazy about me," she explained. "He's a druggist. I told him my old man had money. Anyhow, we want to set up for ourselves. Then I'm goin' straight!"

"And he doesn't suspect?"

"Sure not! But about your croaking off old Southwick! Say, that is good! Why, listen, you old fool! I ain't read detective stories all my life for nothin'."

She paused, her gloved hands groping clumsily under the handkerchief on her head. She extracted a very short and delicate hairpin, and bent it straight out.

"Look 'ere!" she commanded brusquely. "I watched the old boy every night for months. I knew just when he went to sleep, as he always did after stickin' the sparklers away again. And the night you mentioned I sneaked up on him like this and just—stuck it into his ear!"

As she spoke her gloved hand shot forward suddenly toward the angle of the lean jaw. The Spaniard's knees sagged and his queer grin widened. The hand that clutched the razor relaxed and hung dangling as she carried him over to the chair in the other room. Returning, she stared down at the hairpin. Then she glanced over toward the mosaic. Going over, she pressed the point carefully into the brown triangle. The brown mass yielded slowly, like hard butter. An eighth of an inch at a time she pressed the wire home into the camel's eye.

Then turning briskly, she seized the iron key. The atmosphere was becoming strangely oppressive in the little room. Pale blue flames flickered forlornly from under the blackened rim of the big brass bowl. She feared the fire might die out before she had heated the key.

Inserting the edge of it under the bowl, she flipped it off the ruddy coals. Slowly she straightened up again, then toppled against the screen, which clattered to the floor. The oxygen-starved embers had taken their revenge. Slowly the deadly carbon monoxide gas seeped through the dusty portieres and out into the other room, where the man with the bald head sat like a grotesquely garbed vulture.

Within the den the dying flames played their uncertain rays upon the rounded limbs of the girl. Her poison-brightened blood made her cheeks as vividly red as if they had been rouged. And the gloved hand, its pearl buttons gleaming like blood in the firelight, still clutched the secret key.

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LOVE WENT A-PEDALING

By Russell E. Arnsdel

Illustrated by F. McAnelly

said a word. Nothing unusual about a vacation in Michigan, is there?

After two days the summer residents of Glendale had fathomed Compton. Whenever he appeared upon the beach the verdict of his character went around.

"There's the woman-hater again."

The fact that Compton, rather handsome, was a good tennis player made it doubly hard for the summer girls; to him they were shallow and irritating. Out-

wardly the girls detested him; inwardly they admired him and courted his favor.

During the next two weeks the unmarried feminine resorters discovered many things about this magnificent six-footer called Compton. First fact, he was a promising young lawyer; second fact, he was popular with the male coteries. He detested women in general; he loved tennis and boating, and the last mentioned recreation he pursued every

day at 2 o'clock, remaining on the lake until evening. Boating as a recreation is nothing unusual, but proved fatal to him.

On Monday, the 17th day of July, Compton walked down to the lake and entered his boat at precisely 2 o'clock, just as he had been in the habit of doing every day of the last two weeks. It had been his custom to row north from the hotel, past the tennis courts and golf links, then turn west and go to Treadwell Island, very small but very interesting. He had almost reached the north end of the golf links on this day when his attention was attracted by a young woman



AROLD COMPTON, a Hoosier lawyer, was the type of man of which you occasionally read. He was a woman-hater, a man whose bachelorhood his friends often taunted by whispering "Watchful waiting." They did not stop to think that all "watchful waiting" must cease sometime, and when Compton left Gary in early July for a vacation in northern Michigan no one



In a tennis costume motioning to him frantically. Why she should be signaling him Compton did not know, but curious, he drew close to the shore. The boat suddenly grounded and he jumped out, and before he had time to think, she ran and jumped in.

"Push off quickly!" she cried breathlessly.

Obediently Compton gave a stout shove, which moved the boat from its groundings, and jumped in. A motley crowd of golfers and tennis players came running to the water's edge, yelling frantically. Some one shot a revolver, but the bullet cut the air above their heads. The boat, propelled by Compton's strong arms, moved steadily away from the shore where the crowd had gathered. A couple of men ran in the direction of the hotel and three others ran toward the boathouse.

"They're after boats!" she exclaimed in alarm.

"Where can we go?"

"Treadwell Island!"

Compton returned. The excitement had dazed him. Presently regaining his composure, he inquired whimsically: "What's the trouble? Did you commit murder or break jail?"

"Neither!" she flashed back.

She leaned back in the stern of the boat, gazing at him silently, while Compton eyed her, openly curious. The girl possessed beautiful dark brown hair and eyes of the same color, which looked at him fearlessly. Dressed in tennis costume, her bare white throat, flaming cheeks and beautiful eyes were appealing, and caused his pulses to quicken.

"What have you done?" he questioned abruptly.

"Will you promise to help me—if I tell you the truth?" she demanded warily.

"I believe so—yes, providing it wasn't a cold-blooded murder!"

"No—not that!" Her eyes narrowed. "I only attempted to take Mrs. Fitzgerald's pearls—failed miserably! I never was so awkward!"

"Not the first offense, then, I presume?" Compton shot out. How could anyone so beautiful be a professional crook? he thought.

"No—but the first failure in five years. I'm thoroughly disgusted!" she flashed.

* * *

COMPTON imagined he saw tears in her eyes. Were they tears of remorse or what?

"How long have you been here—at Glendale?" he asked after a time. "I don't seem to remember your face."

"About two weeks!" she returned, and then laughed. "I may as well tell you. To those who know me, I am Slippery Nell. I've been a crook most of my life, but I get sick of it sometimes—"

"I think you would," muttered Compton, although his experience with that class of people had been limited. "My name is—"

"Harold Compton," she interrupted. "I looked you up in the hotel register. I—I even ransacked your room—once!"

"You couldn't have found much," he laughed. "I didn't bring anything valuable with me."

She did not reply, and he turned his attention upon attaining the island. In a few short minutes the boat grounded and both jumped out.

"What can we do here?" she demanded wearily. "We can't try to land until dark."

"We can remain here until then, and in the meantime think of some manner of escape. We must hide the boat and get out of sight, though, for they are probably searching even now."

"I'm sorry," she announced a moment

later, "to have caused you this inconvenience, but there was no other way of escape!"

"Don't mention it," returned Compton sardonically. "Glad to oblige, you know, but they recognized me. If I go back, they'll arrest me as your accomplice; so I, too, am a fugitive. Well, it's no use to worry about that until later. Let's think of something more interesting—about yourself, for instance."

"Oh, I'm very uninteresting! It's just the same monotonous story of one crime

solved. "Of course we don't know who we will find on shore. But you use very good English—for a crook!"

"Oh, I had a good education," she returned. "The most educated crook is the most dangerous, you know."

He jumped in and pushed the boat off.

"We must approach the shore cautiously," he whispered presently, "for they may be watching. They would know that we wouldn't try to land until dark."

The boat glided silently toward the

lake. They would soon be in pursuit, he thought swiftly, and there was no time to waste, so he hastily turned to Slippery Nell. She was trembling noticeably.

"Are you frightened?" he asked swiftly.

"N-no," she answered reluctantly, "but that noise! They've found the boat!"

"Yes; we must hurry!"

"But—what—"

"Why, we'll escape on this bicycle—only hope! You can ride the handle-bars!"

"Oh!" She shrank from him. "Mr. Compton, there—"

"Come!" he interrupted. "No time to lose!"

He lifted her bodily to the handle-bars, gave a quick shove with his left foot and started pedaling. To gain the highway it would be necessary to cross in the light from one window. Suddenly a loud shout, followed by the sound of running feet behind them, announced to the fugitives that they were discovered. Compton redoubled his efforts, but it seemed impossible for him to make good speed, and from the increasing sound of running feet he knew that some of the pursuers were bearing down upon them.

"Are they coming?" she demanded over her shoulder.

"Yes, and they're coming faster than we are going!" he muttered with emphasis.

"Please—"

"Please what?"

"Can't you go faster?"

Compton did not reply, but bent all of his efforts upon outdistancing their pursuers.

"There are two forks in the road," she continued. "One goes to Sadon and the other—"

"We'll take the one to Sadon!" he interrupted.

"But," sighing, "you can't pedal this—forever! What will we do at Sadon?"

"Wait—till—we—get—there!" retorted Compton exhaustedly.

The pursuers were gradually losing ground, however, and a moment later they were not to be seen.

"There," he continued, "we are safe from them for a time—till they come after us in a faster machine!"

He began pedaling more regularly, when, without the slightest warning, her soft figure rested heavily against him. It was with difficulty that he retained his hold upon the handle-bars. Her head rested wearily in the hollow of his shoulder and the wind blew tiny wisps of her hair across his face at short, intoxicating intervals.

"Are you cold?" he asked presently, but he knew that he could not aid her if she was.

"A—little," she faltered. "I'm absolutely given out—the strain, I think. What will we do at Sadon?" she asked for the second time.

"I haven't decided yet—don't even know how far it is!"

"About a mile," she breathed. "I shouldn't have allowed you to come. There is still time for you to return—to leave me—"

"Nothing doing!" cried Compton. "I'll stick to the finish now! I'm a fugitive, too, you must remember!"

"Oh, I forgot!" She nestled closer and closed her eyes.

Compton pedaled hard. His feet and legs seemed to be mere pieces of machinery, and he was breathing fast, but he realized that they would be pursued in

They sat on the rocks, hidden from view of the shore, alert to any sound that might mean pursuit.

after another, you know. You're a lawyer and know the kind well, from one side at least—that is, the legal side! Nine times you are successful and the tenth time you are caught!"

"Why don't you chuck that sort of life?" asked Compton. "You're entirely too young and beautiful to be risking your life that way. Do you ever stop to think what will finally become of you?"

"Woman's prison!" she flashed. "Time does go so slow. Can't we start sooner?"

"No, it wouldn't be safe; but then it will be dark soon," he encouraged.

They sat on the rocks, hidden from view of the shore, alert to any sound that might indicate pursuit, and whiled away intervening hours partly in conversation and partly in silence. Of Slippery Nell's past life he asked no further, and she volunteered nothing. As he watched her in silence he became more and more impressed with her beauty. What a shame, he thought, that her life should be wasted in this manner. She did not look like a thief, and her eyes—they met his directly, and not with the customary aversion of the crook's. Unforgetful of self, he noted her slender, well formed figure, and he noted the way little wisps of her hair blew in the sharp breeze. Then he bit his lip with vexation. How could a girl—a self-acknowledged thief at that—afflict him like this? They passed the remaining hour before dark in silence, and then Compton rose.

"We'd best be going," he told her, and turned to the boat.

"Do you think it's safe—now?" she faltered.

"Well, safe as it ever will be," he an-